

THE FIELD AFAR

THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL



JUNE 1938

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Most Rev. J. E. Walsh, M.M., Superior General

Established by action of the United States Hierarchy, assembled at Washington, April 27, 1911.

Authorized by His Holiness Pius X, at Rome, June 29, 1911. Final Approval by Pope Pius XI, May 7, 1930.

"Maryknoll," in honor of the Queen of Apostles, has become the popular designation of the Society.

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MISSIONS OF THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS

See section, "The Month with the Missioners."

The Maryknoll Sisters

See Sisters' page for directory.

THE FIELD AFAR—*The Magazine of Maryknoll*

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All FIELD AFAR subscribers are Maryknoll Associates. This is our gift to you. But without being a FIELD AFAR subscriber you may enroll yourself or another, living or dead, as an Associate Member. The offering is small, fifty cents yearly, and members share in the Masses and prayers of all Maryknollers.



Maryknoll's First Departure Group—September 7, 1918

Left to right: Most Rev. James E. Walsh, now Maryknoll's Superior General; Right Rev. Msgr. Bernard F. Meyer (standing), Prefect Apostolic of Wuchow; V. Rev. Thomas F. Price, Maryknoll's co-founder who died in China, 1919; Most Rev. Francis X. Ford, Vicar Apostolic of Kaying.

THE FIELD AFAR

THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL

June, 1938

Twenty Years After



NI N E T E E N Maryknollers are to be ordained June 12, and any one of the nineteen who fails to get an assignment overseas will be badly disappointed. There is the chance that one or two Knollers of previous ordination classes still "doing time" in the homeland will receive assignments as well. We can safely conjecture that the mission band leaving for Eastern Asia at the end of July will number twenty.

Thus our overseas force of Maryknoll priests and Brothers is due for an increase which will bring it very near the two hundred mark.

And this twenty years after!

For the first band of Maryknollers crossed the sea in 1918.

Night of Meaning—

There was meaning crammed into that simple ceremony of a score of years ago. Did you ever conceive an idea? Did it represent hardihood? Did it appear advanced to many who knew you? Did many seem indifferent, and miss entirely its usefulness, its significance?

Did what you thought of promise to require considerable money, which had to come slowly and only through considerable effort? Did it require long and patient preparation of men who, to cooperate, must experience a strong and exceptional call from God?

If so, you appreciate the significance of Maryknoll's First Depart-

ture in 1918. You are able to understand the years of quiet contemplation which piled up vision and courage and resolve before ever a move was made to found an American seminary for foreign missions. You know what achievement was represented in the meeting of Fathers Walsh and Price at the Eucharistic Congress at Montreal in 1910, which resulted in the determination to go ahead with the plan.

If you have struggled to bring anything into reality, you will know what patience, trust, labor, prayer, went into the humble beginnings here on the Hudson when, the farm purchased on Pines Bridge Road, a buggy-load of pioneers came up the driveway and took possession.

Six students arrived in 1911. There was no addition in 1912. But from 1913 on, the growth in

All set, bag and baggage, for the take off.



THE WHOLE WORLD FOR THE SACRED HEART!



REV. THOMAS A. SAMPSON, of Fort Lee, N. J., entered the Maryknoll Novitiate at Bedford, Mass., in 1933, after graduating from Madonna Parochial School, St. Cecilia's (Englewood), and Fordham.



REV. FRANCIS J. DAUBERT, of Philadelphia, Penna., entered Maryknoll College at Clarks Summit, Penna., in 1928. He has two Sisters in religion: one in Rock Castle, Va.; the other in Shamokin, Penna.



REV. JOHN J. MIHELKO, of Cleveland, Ohio, entered Maryknoll Novitiate at Bedford, Mass., in 1935. He came to Maryknoll from St. Mary's Seminary in Cleveland.



REV. EDWARD A. KOECHEL, of Water Mill, Long Island, entered Maryknoll in 1931, after attending Cathedral College Preparatory Seminary in Brooklyn. He has one sister in religion.



REV. MAURICE J. DUFFY, of Philadelphia, Penna., entered Maryknoll College at Clarks Summit, Penna., in 1927, after attending St. Joachim's School and Northeast Catholic High in Philadelphia.

personnel assumed momentum. Finally, in September 1918, the first band of four—Fathers Price, Walsh, Meyer, and Ford—left Maryknoll for South China.

Keynote from Governor Clinton—

A friendly magazine of twenty years ago commented on the departure by reminding us of Governor De Witt Clinton and his problem of building the Erie Canal. As the tiny stream of water began to trickle along through the "big ditch" in upper New York State, the Governor electrified a public gathering by crying, "The long agony is over!" To most of those present, the task was but beginning; but to this man, who for years had battled against enormous odds in both the state and the nation, the great achievement was to attain the starting point.

The night of September 7, 1918, the eve of the Nativity of Our Lady, marked the first achievement of the goal for which Maryknoll was founded.

The Homeland's Contribution—

De Witt Clinton's problem was not out in the valleys through which his canal was being dug, but in the homes of those whose backing he needed that the project might go on. How true this is of

many undertakings! It has been true to a certain extent as regards Maryknoll.

Once the Maryknoll priest boards a liner to cross the Pacific, all Knollers breathe a prayer of satisfaction. His task is only beginning, and Maryknoll's with him. Nevertheless, an end has been attained. The period of uncertainty in his regard has passed. As a missionary, he is a reality. Catholic America still has a task so far as

he is concerned, but our country's greatest task has been performed. From its bosom has gone forth another apostle.

Duplicate the Gift—

Contemplating this fact, our great resolve must be to duplicate the gift, to multiply it many times over. When the first band of Knollers left our shores, this was the thought that fired all who wit-



A memorable event for new arrivals in the Orient, their first rickshaw ride.



REV. CONSTANTINE F. WOLOTKIEWICZ, of Glassport, Penna., entered Maryknoll College at Clarks Summit, Penna., in 1928. He has two sisters in religion: one in Oil City, Penna.; the other in Pittsburgh, Penna.



REV. THOMAS J. BAUER, of Brooklyn, N. Y., entered Maryknoll in 1931 after attending St. Aloysius and St. Matthias Parochial Schools, and Cathedral College in Brooklyn.



REV. FRANCIS J. MULLIGAN, of Jersey City, N.J., entered Maryknoll College, Clarks Summit, Penna., in 1928, after attending St. John's, Public School No. 6, and Dickinson High School.



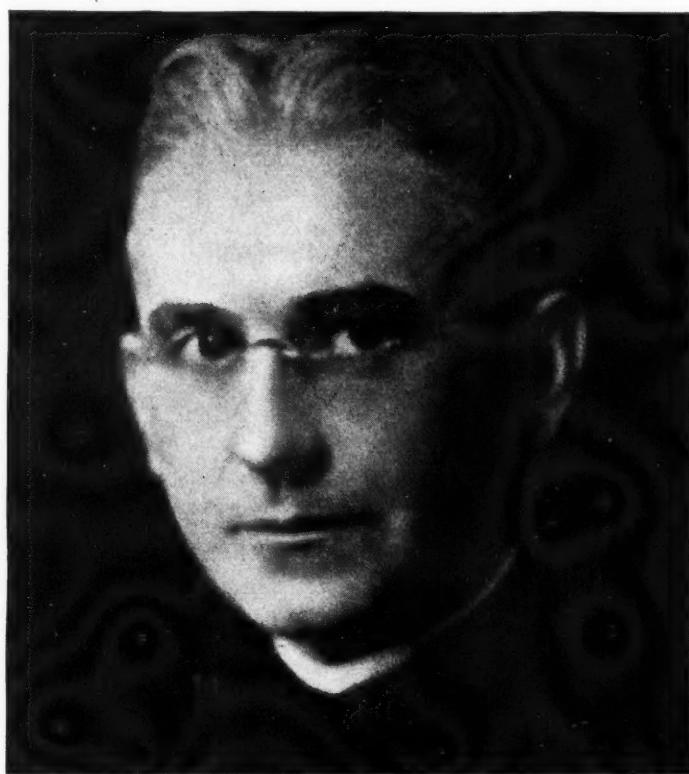
REV. FRANCIS J. LYNCH, of Pittsfield, Mass., entered Maryknoll College at Clarks Summit, Penna., in 1928, after graduating from St. Joseph's Parochial and High School in Pittsfield.



REV. RAYMOND L. HANRAHAN, of Riverdale, N.Y.C., entered Maryknoll in 1931, after graduating from Manhattan College. Before entering Maryknoll he was assistant professor of Military Science at La Salle Military Academy.

nessed their go-

ing.
Bishop Hoban, then head of the Diocese of Scranton, the first to say farewell; Cardinal Farley, then sick in New York; Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore; Archbishop Bonzano, then Apostolic Delegate in Washington; Archbishop Moeller, then in Cincinnati; Archbishop Glennon, of St. Louis (the only prelate still at his post who greeted our first band in 1918); Archbishop Hanna, then in San Francisco; all touched on the one theme—"May this band be the beginning of a long and gallant line."



He sets the missionary mould.—The Very Reverend Francis J. Winslow, M.M., rector of Maryknoll's Major Seminary, Maryknoll, N.Y.

The Year's High-Water Mark—

In the score of years that have intervened, with this year's group included, some 250 priests and Brothers have gone overseas. Illness, death, and transfer have reduced those in active service to approximately 200. A departure will probably never again possess the depth of meaning which was attached to that of 1918. It was not a mere stone in the edifice; it was the cornerstone. Nevertheless, each year's new group bespeaks new conquests, new steps forward, a new world of souls brought to the company of the faithful. It



REV. GERALD S. CARROLL, of New York City, entered Maryknoll in 1931, after attending Annunciation, Regis and Fordham. He has two sisters in religion: one in Pistoia, Italy; the other at the College of New Rochelle.



REV. PATRICK M. DUNNE, of New York City, entered Maryknoll College, Clarks Summit, Penna., in 1928, after attending St. Stephen's Parochial and Cathedral High Schools in New York City.



REV. FRANCIS G. KELHER, of Seattle, Wash., entered Maryknoll Preparatory School, Los Altos, Calif., in 1929. Before entering he belonged to the U.S. Naval Reserve, and was attached to Naval Air Station, Sand Point, Seattle.



REV. EDWARD J. MANNING, of Richmond Hill, N.Y., entered Maryknoll College, Clarks Summit, Penna., in 1926. He has a brother Maryknoller, Rev. James, a South China missioner at present on sick leave.



REV. JOHN A. FISCHER, of Malden, Mass., entered Maryknoll in 1931, after attending Immaculate Conception Parochial School in Malden, Boston College High, and Boston College.

marks the high level in each Maryknoll year.

Preview of July 24—

On Sunday afternoon, July 24, a seminarian with a wooden hammer in his hand will step out on the cloister lawn of the Maryknoll Seminary, and in presence of some five thousand visitors, will slowly pound our large, queer, Buddhist bell, our Departure Bell. The steamship *Empress of Russia* brought it to us from Japan for the first departure. It was the gift of a missioner who told us, "May it send forth many missioners, advocates of Our Lady; may it serve to praise her who crushed the head of the serpent."

Then from the recesses of our fortress-like home a procession will wend its way to the benches before the kiosk sheltering in the center of the cloister Our Lady of Maryknoll and a temporary altar. The *Itinerarium* will be chanted, the voyage-prayer of the Church; there will be a sermon; and the formal commission will be given to each missioner to preach Christ in the name of Christ. The missioner's cross will be consigned to

each, companion of his days, souvenir of his Leader, symbol of the sacrifice for which daily he is to be prepared. There will be the *Pax* of farewell, given by the stay-at-homes to those who are girded

Departure at Maryknoll

July 25, 1937

THE pagan gods are restless in their jade and ivory shrouds, For a summons shakes the twilight on this hill; There's an anguish in the throat of the old pagan bell That awakens and clamors and is still.

There are footsteps like heartbeats along the cloister walk—

Their pulse is in the winds across the world; Where a promise kindles bright above the red pagoda roof

A star like a lotus blossom hangs impearled.

The pagan gods are restless in their jade and ivory shrouds,

For footsteps break like heartbeats on the night;

A summons flames a promise where an ancient star rekindles,

And the East shall see the brilliance of its Light.

—Sister Mary Bertrand, O.M.

for the road. Finally, there will be Benediction.

History Repeats—

The crowds will then mill about the front entrance until the departing take their places in the line of waiting cars for the ride through the night to the railroad station.

It is history repeating itself, even to the almost violent excitement at the moment of leave-taking. Twenty years ago, in speaking of this moment the chronicler of the first band said, "Outside a veritable mob, albeit our own brethren, sought a last word and a hand-clasp."

And history certainly repeats itself in the sentiments of those who go.

"Maryknoll, my Maryknoll, good-bye!" wrote that first chronicler. "The same Voice that now calls us away brought us to know you, and so we go with grief for the parting, but glad that our lines have been so long cast in pleasant places and rejoicing in the unity of purpose and action that you have given to us. . . United by love of Christ and souls we shall



REV. JOSEPH M. REDMOND, of Dorchester, Mass., entered Maryknoll College at Clarks Summit, Penna., in 1926, after graduating from C. Gibson and Mechanic Arts Schools.



REV. BERNARD F. WIELAND, of Carroll, Iowa, entered Maryknoll Novitiate, Bedford, Mass., in 1933, after graduating from Columbia Academy and College in Dubuque.



REV. ARTHUR J. BRIGGS, of Allston, Mass., entered Maryknoll in 1933. He is a brother of another Maryknoller, Rev. Everett, stationed in Kyoto, Japan.



REV. WILLIAM F. PHEUR, of North Walpole, N.H., entered Maryknoll College, Clarks Summit, Penna., in 1929. He has one sister in religion.

ever be one in heart and deed, bound by a bond that even death cannot break, that will be only strengthened the other side of the grave."

For this Knoller, "home" has since come to mean an Asiatic countryside. After twenty years,

the new missioner moves off over the Pacific not away from all friends but towards many brothers in combat for Christ.



MARYKNOLL'S FIRST MISSION DEPARTURE, 1918

There were four missioners in that first group. Since then, nearly 250 Maryknoll priests and Brothers have set out for fields afar.

THAT THEY WILL SHARE IN THE REWARD OF THE APOSTOLATE.

Coming Through The Rice

Father Thomas Malone, of New York City, has a word to say on the festivities which attend the visit of a missioner to his out-station. Father Malone is in Kaying, South China.



Na mo'cycle built for two, I and my portable altar are a pair now frequently—and suddenly—viewed by the natives in distant outposts of the mission. To their credit let it be known that our Christians do not stop at the first startled "look-see," but with the true social instinct so highly developed in the Chinese, they make of our visit an occasion for a high Rice-Tea, and we soon feel as welcome as a rare cool day in June.

On one such recent expedition, a long day of travel was followed by one of instructing and administering the Sacraments. In the evening, a delightful surprise party was arranged in the garden, it being the Festival of the Moon, when the Silver Lady is supposed to shine brightest of any night in the year. As we sat eating bits of moon cake and peanuts, and drinking oceans of tea, I looked around at these, my people, recalling a bit of the history of one here, one there.

The old man on the right of the catechist was well over sixty. All his



life he had been very faithful in the observance of the pagan festival days. On those occasions he would carefully don his long blue gown, gather his family together, and go out to make his prostrations. One day he got into conversation with an old catechist, who talked with him long and earnestly.

Above: A companion missioner of Father Thomas Malone, Father Hilbert, caught coming through the rice.

Below: The village orchestra in action—and in tune?



HAVE YOU DONE YOUR GOOD DEED TODAY? SEND US

The catechist saw that the old pagan led a blameless life, but that he was a prey to superstition. After many talks, he was persuaded to come to the mission and study the doctrine and prayers. Toward the end of his course of instruction, if the catechist happened to be a little late in lighting the candles before night prayers, he would march up, slip off his slippers respectfully, and light the candles. I could not help but think of the many times he had lighted tapers and incense to the evil spirits, and that now at last he was given the great grace to light candles on the altar of the true God.

The one wearing the uniform of a soldier was a drill sergeant. While he was at our mission studying the doctrine he used to get up at 4:30 each morning, and set out for a village about an hour's walk from here. After several hours of drilling, he would return here for dinner and classes in the afternoon and evening. In a very short time, he was talking doctrine to his friends and bringing them around to see the priest. Just after Baptism he received his assignment to this distant village.

We sat out late on this particular night when the pagans "receive" the moonlight into their homes to bring them good luck for the rest of the year. How many more moons, I wondered, before they receive into their hearts the "Light of the World"?

Known in the World as Annap

Sister Dominic Marie Turner, of British West Indies, tells us the story of a Chinese young lady who has entered Monsignor Meyer's new community in the Wuchow Prefecture, South China.



HEN she was only a little girl scarcely able to toddle alone, Annap's Catholic parents espoused her in marriage, according to native custom, and a sum of money was duly paid to her father by the house in which Annap would one day be privileged to live and work.

Meanwhile, the child's early years were as placid and uneventful as those of any normal Chinese youngster; or rather, they were until the coming one day of the foreign *Shen Foo*. It so happened that the little bride-to-be was in the group of children who flocked around the stranger, helping to dispose of the candy he dispensed so generously, the while he entertained with a catchy song or two. By the time the last tidbit had been consumed and the last note had rent the air, the *Shen Foo* and his admirers were fast friends—and confidences were in order. To play fair, the missioner really felt conscience-bound to tell them about the project uppermost in his mind, these days—the Native Novitiate at Pingnam. Questions concerning it tumbled forth in

Sister Mary Francis, known in the world as Annap, with her brother on her reception day.



rapid confusion from his enthusiastic audience.

"Where do they begin?" asked Annap. Little Annap drank in the *Shen Foo*'s every word, although he never guessed it until the following day, when a trembling little maid sidled up to him, and a pair of frightened eyes were raised to his.

"*Shen Foo*, I would like to go to Pingnam to be a Sister. Can do?"

Further questioning convinced the priest of the girl's sincerity and qualifications. Her father was willing, even

proud, to have his daughter enter the convent; but there was the question of her espousal—and the depleted dowry. Through rapid mis-calculations (all missioners are either poor mathematicians or good gamblers, which?), the *Shen Foo* figured how he and his countrymen could scrimp here, and cut there, and so make up the sum necessary to reimburse the *fiancee's* family. Eventually, the algebraic feat was accomplished to the satisfaction of all concerned, and Annap was off to Pingnam.

During her postulancy Annap studied well, worked diligently, played happily, and prayed whole-heartedly. The days passed quickly until January 6, 1938, when she knelt at the altar in the pioneer group of four who received the habit of the Congregation of the Charity of the Sacred Heart. Then indeed it could be said that her cup of happiness was brimful as she listened to the words: "You were known in the world as Annap; henceforth you shall be called Sister Mary Francis."

Like another Francis Xavier, her patron, may she go forth seeking souls for the Master.



Sister Moira Richl, of No. Bergen, N. J.; Sister Gonzaga Rizzardi, of New Rochelle, N. Y.; and Sister Dominic Marie Turner, of British West Indies, with the pioneer novices of the new community.

YOUR OFFERING OF A DAY'S SUPPORT FOR A MISSIONER.

The Puppet Players

By Marie Fischer

The puppet CHARACTERS in this Play are Oriental in feature and costume. The SCENE is a puppet stage with either plain background or one arranged in Oriental style. The TIME is at night when the usual puppet shows are over for the day, and the artists who work them are no longer at hand. The puppets are hanging in the air, strung across the front of the stage, when the curtain is drawn; they are at first quite limp and entirely lifeless.

THE CHARACTERS

<i>The Emperor</i>	<i>The Coolie</i>
<i>The Princess</i>	<i>The Soldier</i>
<i>The Poet</i>	<i>The Dragon</i>
<i>The Clown</i>	

* * *

ALL (*shaking the kinks out of their joints and waking up*): We are the puppets of old Cathay;

We live at night; we are dead all day.

EMPEROR (*stretching and yawning*):

Ho hum! Lately, we have been careless at night, about keeping up our Rhyme Language, the language of the puppets of old Cathay. Lately, we have been talking nothing but common prose, ordinary common words such as we are supposed to use all day when the people who keep us jumping on the strings do the talking for us. Let us return to our traditional Rhyme Language this evening. Where is our Poet Laureate? Not sleeping, surely?

POET (*bowing to the floor, before Emperor*): Your august imperial Majesty, behold the lowliest worm among poets!

EMPEROR (*disappointed*): Why, even you no longer speak the Rhyme Language. This is a most deplorable state of affairs in the Puppet Kingdom! Tsk, tsk, tsk! What do you suggest as a remedy, good Po Po?

POET: Ah! That we would spend the evening talking, acting, living the Rhyme Language; and that furthermore, the one who speaks the best in rhyme shall win her gracious Grace



(*turns to bow to Princess*), the fair Princess. But woe to him who forgets and lapses into common human language! He dare never aspire to the delicate ivory hand of the Princess, your august daughter!

EMPEROR (*pleased*): HO! A splendid idea! We shall put it to work now. Do you hear, all of you? NOW! Princess Precious Jade, your hand is at stake. I announce the official opening of our contest! (*a gong sounds*) The Hour of the Ox strikes. Until the Hour of the Tiger, you shall speak in rhythm or not at all!

ALL: Ah, it is not fair—the Poet himself will surely win!

EMPEROR: I am the son of heaven, and I have spoken!

SOLDIER (*marching before the Emperor and bowing low*): The challenge of the Poet Po Po I take, Since Princess Precious Jade's fair hand is at stake!

General applause and laughter.

EMPEROR (*looking around upon them all*): Behold, I, the Emperor Shu Fli Shu,

Desire to hear from each of you!

COOLIE (*advancing*): I am happy to obey the imperial command— A Coolie may yet win a Princess' hand!

POET (*with marvelous self-assurance*): And I, the Poet of renown, Po Po,
Shall have the Princess or die of woe!

FOR THE FAITH WHICH WE HAVE RECEIVED FROM GOD, LET US

DRAGON (*swaggering about*): If you think a Dragon's tongue cannot win, You shall have a surprise when I begin!

CLOWN (*foolishly*): I am only the Clown and a puppet new— Alas! I shall never know what to do! ALL: Ha, ha! Ha, ha! Why, there is your rhyme! You do quite well for the very first time!

PRINCESS: Soldier, Coolie, Poet, Clown— Beware of the Dragon who seeks the Crown!

EMPEROR: A mighty rascal if there ever was one—

He would never do as my royal son!

DRAGON (*boldly and smirking*): Your august Majesty, Shu Fli Shu, Should not have forgotten I can rhyme well too!

EMPEROR (*relenting*): Well, well, this was all begun in sport, Everyone may stay and speak at Court.

POET (*waxing eloquent and becoming most dramatic*): Ah! the game is sport, but the dainty prize Is a sight to dazzle the whole Court's eyes!

Graceful as the willow is the Princess Precious Jade—

Beside her the lotus and chrysanthemum . . .

The Dragon trips the Poet, bowling him over on the ground. At the same moment—

COOLIE: Fade!

POET (*wrathfully*): Curses and pomegranates!

EMPEROR (*hugely enjoying the situation*): Aha! Po Po do not look askance;

In this royal game, you have lost your chance!

And you, too, Coolie, for you spoke out of turn;

To bridle your hasty tongue you must learn!

POET (*rising and threatening Dragon*): Your action, sir, is worthy of a duel!

Do you take me for a consummate fool?

DRAGON (*calmly*): All is fair in love and war.

I have something to say, so speak no more!

PARENTS who cheerfully give a missioner to God have reason to expect a share of the fruits of his apostolate.

PRINCESS (*alarmed*): You see, gentlemen, how the Dragon gains—I implore you, gentlemen, take pains, take pains!

SOLDIER: Princess Precious Jade, while I am here

You need never the Dragon fear!

DRAGON (*advancing towards Princess*): Your love for me is very cool— Beware, lest I use you as my tool!

SOLDIER (*blind to the Dragon's affected playing*): Your august Majesty, may I have leave—

The Dragon's vile heart in two to cleave?

EMPEROR: Words, not swords, are the weapons in this game; Let the quarrels of the contest remain the same.

SOLDIER (*wrathfully addressing the Dragon*): You rascal, full of wiles—you devil heaped with criminal deeds—

DRAGON (*to Emperor*): Your august Majesty, note how he broke The rhyming rhythm when he just now spoke!

(*to Soldier*) Well, brave soldier, I readily see

You took my mocking seriously!

PRINCESS: Alas! Alas! Oh, woe is me!

To the Dragon goes the victory!

EMPEROR: My precious pearl, my Precious Jade—

(*almost stuck and covering pause with a cough*)

(*lamely*) Your life you must spend making lemonade—ahem—

ALL (*surprised*): Lemonade? Lemonade!

Her life she will spend making lemonade!

EMPEROR (*recovering his poise*): For Dragons drink no other drink— (sadly) No other drink, no other drink.

ALL: For Dragons drink no other drink.

PRINCESS (*very much distressed*): My fate is sealed, my suitors gone, And I am left—the Dragon's pawn.

CLOWN (*coming forward with heroic*

dignity): Not so! Not so!—Ahem ahaw— (half to himself) How difficult is this rhyming law.

DRAGON (*sneering*): Remember, I am Loong of royal descent! Can the Clown boast as much— There is a dreadful pause.

ALL (*excitedly*): He is stuck! He is finished! Pride was his fall! Now his royal boast matters not at all!

PRINCESS (*relieved*): Then, the Clown has won this evening's game. I gladly take his heart and name!

EMPEROR (*not so pleased*): A Clown—a fool—a silly boor With ancestry obscure, obscure?

CLOWN (*humblly*): Of course, if I cannot claim your affection, I shall sorrowfully surrender our future connection.

PRINCESS: There is more in you than the Clown I see— Have you really fallen in love with me?

CLOWN: But, can you love me as a Princess should—

A humble Clown of clay and wood?

PRINCESS: I am sure I could, I am sure I would— Your puppet heart is by me understood.

CLOWN: Know, I am no ordinary Clown With grinning face and a checkered gown.

I come to this Court from a distant land

Over which I hold a king's command. I desired the Princess' loyalty to test And I happily find her love is the best!

ALL: Who could have seen in a boorish Clown A handsome young King of high renown?

A gong strikes.

The Hour of the Tiger is struck by the gong,

Ending our rhyming Play's singsong. The Princess becomes the Clown-King's wife,

And we return to our prosy life! They all resume the positions on a string which they had when Play first started.

The End.

In The Village of The Broken Tree



N a little Kwangsi village called Pee Chu Tong there is a Catholic mission. In a room beside the chapel there is a coffin. Just outside the mission in the village cemetery is a plot reserved for a missionary. But the plot is cheated of its grave; the coffin is empty. Father Heraud, who converted the village people and built the mission, died in Hong Kong. After 45 years of labor and suffering in voluntary exile, he died shouldering the heaviest cross of all, exile from his own mission.

Thumbing a long-neglected diary, I find what I wrote on meeting Father Heraud eight years ago: "He walked three miles from his home to meet us at the boat. He was slender and straight, with a flowing, silvery-white beard. Sickness and excruciating hardships had failed to dampen his lively humor. He had spent nearly 40 years battling the elements, so the walk in the rain to meet us was not worth mentioning.

"Our evening meal was Chinese food eaten with chopsticks. Afterwards, we sat around the fire and talked. I asked Father Heraud what he thought, with all his years of experience, were the most necessary qualifications of a missionary. He answered: 'First of all, he must be a spiritual man. His activity must be directed by his interior life, if it is to be directed for success. Another essential quality, I believe, is to *soritir*, to go out to the people. If the missionary does not go out and spend much time in his Christian villages, the people will never be good Catholics; they may not even remain Catholic. The pastor in China must course the hills and watch a scattered flock.'

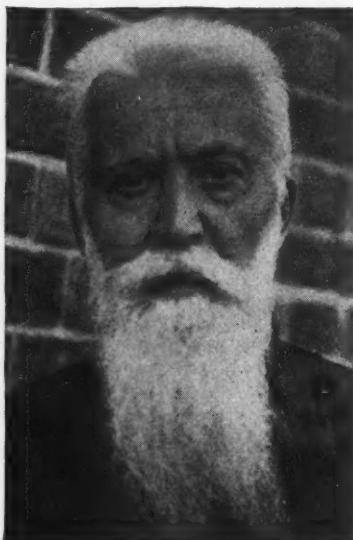
It was raining next morning after Mass, and to avoid walking in the open Father Heraud led us into the house through a room adjoining the chapel. There we saw a coffin. It was made of a tree trunk. The Chinese coffin retains the tree shape even when finished. The strange box there made us

America's missionaries are but of yesterday. For centuries the Old World has been sending out apostles who have blazed paths for the Cross over the earth. Father Mark Tennien, of Pittsford, Vt., Maryknoller in Wuchow, speaks briefly of one who has inspired Maryknollers in South China.

wonder, and I ventured to ask him about it. Hesitantly, he explained that it had been made of a large tree struck down in the mission garden by a storm. Because the wood was of the finest he had had a coffin made of the trunk. He did not offer to tell us for whom it had been made, but we knew.

Of his three decades and nine years in China, Father Heraud had passed many hours in the shade of that tree. He had watched it grow and spread its branches. He had let it share his joys and disappointments as he walked beneath it fingering his beads. He had listened to the birds twittering among its leaves, and had heard the night wind

Father Heraud, who for 45 years nurtured the Faith and watched it grow in the Village of the Broken Tree.



strum the harp of its branches. Each year he had seen the leaves sprout and die, picturing the history of all of us. When the tree was left broken and dying by the storm, feeling that soon he too would pass on, he had the tree trunk made into a coffin to wait for him. For nearly forty years Father Heraud had been planting the Faith in China, nurturing and watching it grow as he had the broken tree.

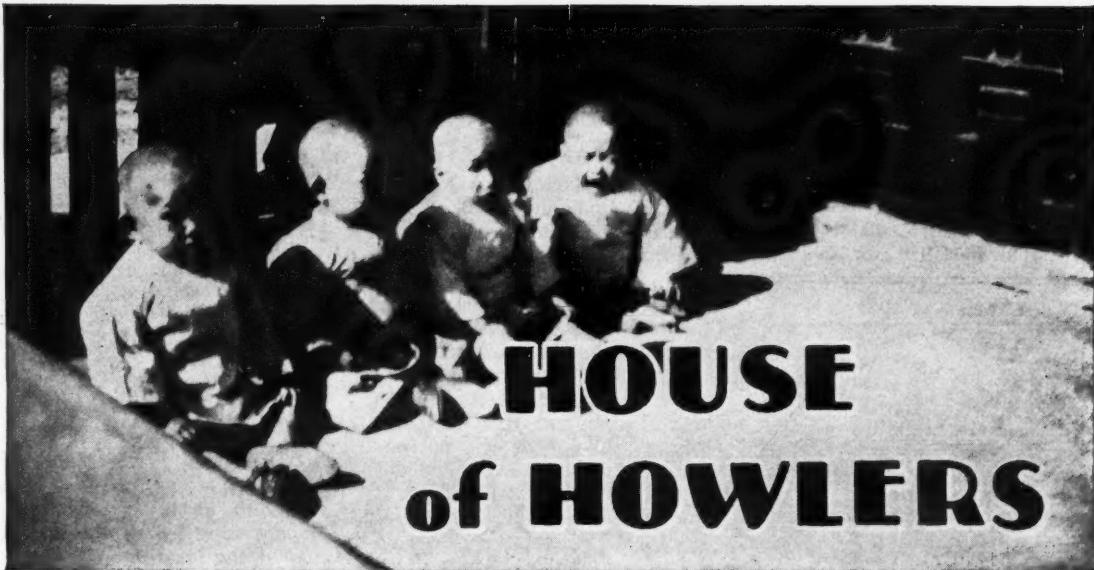
On Father Heraud's desk lay the crucifix of a martyr. It was the one which young Father Chapdelaine had worn when he left France. He gave his life and shed his blood for souls—martyred for teaching Christ here in Kwangsi. If we could have sounded the secret depths of Father Heraud's heart, we would no doubt have found a cherished hope to die as Father Chapdelaine had. But his was a martyrdom of another kind. He gave his life in a long agony of painful labor for souls. Who would dare say that the star of his kind of martyrdom hangs less high?

When the sandglass was dripping down to its last grains Father Heraud had one worldly longing left, to be buried where he had labored. But God asked for one more act of detachment. Father Heraud became ill, was taken to Hong Kong, and there he died. So up in his mission remains the empty coffin.

Now Father Heraud looks down on his mission with a different perspective. His few hundred converts are no doubt a joy to him, but he sees too what might have been accomplished had others cooperated. The milling mass of pagans might have been Catholic had he not been left alone in his labors.

The empty coffin is a symbol of many a missionary's labor—empty because he is left solitary. He comes to China; his friends soon forget him, and leave him to convert a world alone. It was so with Father Heraud; it will be so with others.

What might have been can still be done, in the Village of the Broken Tree, if you so will.



Father John Lima, of New Bedford, Mass., describes what eyes and ears encounter on a visit to the Maryknoll Orphanage at Lintaan, Kongmoon, South China.



We aim at perfect specimens. The poor, wan little tots that arrive at the orphanage would make you weep, but with us they serve only to play upon our pride. The skill of our stalwart Chinese women is to be tested, we say to ourselves, and we have never a moment's doubt but that their skill will triumph. We vision the haggard little faces filled out with fat, and the spindle legs bulging like balloons.

We watch week after week. Comes the day, finally, when as we pass the front gate, a lordly howl rings out as if to shake the timbers. "Eureka!" we cry. Victory! The goal has been reached. Everything is robust, even to the lungs; the howl is the hall mark of roaring good health.

It is like going to a one-ring circus to visit the Lintaan youngsters. The priest who says Mass in the orphanage, or who gives Benediction, must not be distracted if he discovers a gurgling little fellow struggling through the altar

rail. He must be careful, every time he takes a step, not to put his shoe on sundry fingers; and he must remind himself that every corner is a traffic hazard, offering danger of collision with a bouncing

buster taking the turn at break-neck speed.

Father McShane of blessed memory founded Lintaan as well as Loting. Father Kennelly now carries on and is winning many souls as well as filling many infant mouths. I am seeking to be helpful. At Lintaan, I figure that as the boys get larger I can try my hand at teaching them to play baseball. The natives will be quite properly impressed, I am sure, if we stage a game reminiscent of the days gone by back in New Bedford. However, the boys are more interested in Chinese than in American games.



Above: Learning everything from A to Z.



Right: A click from Father Lima's camera silences the Howlers for one precious second.

CARE OF A NEEDY PERSON IN A MARYKNOLL MISSION FOR ONE DAY.

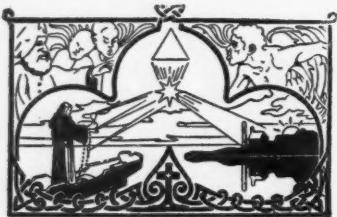
THE FIELD AFAR

THE MAGAZINE OF MARYKNOLL

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**TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD**



THE men of Maryknoll go down to the sea in ships and out to the ends of the earth in everything from a balloon to a buffalo cart, and it is but natural that they should be asked some curious questions by those who stay at home, while it is likewise to be expected that they should return some curious answers. Among these singular inquiries may be catalogued the universal speculation they encounter nowadays as to what side they take in the present Far Eastern war, while it is also possible that the answer may prove equally exotic. The missioner does not take any side. He is a man whose vocation does not include a call to partisanship in political conflicts. He does not espouse one people to the exclusion of others, but is rather dedicated to all the people. In their troubles, in their miseries, in their needs of whatever kind, even in their mistakes, he remains the minister of Christ who is set to help all and to discriminate against none. In short, he is above sides. He is a Catholic priest.



THE reading of the will is a moment tense with anxiety and hope. "What has he left, and

to whom?" are the questions uppermost in the self-centered minds of the trusting recipients. Corpus Christi reminds us of another Will. "What has He left, and to whom?" In the Divine Will, made on the night before His death, God, man's eternal benefactor, has left him His own Body and Blood. "Take ye, and eat...Drink ye all of this...Do this for a commemoration of me." That Food and Drink have been broken and poured to only the lesser number of souls on earth. The task of the missioner is to carry it to the uttermost bounds. "Except you eat the flesh of the Son of man, and drink his blood, you shall not have life in you," was said for all men. The only difference is that the children of the West know the language of God, which has scarcely been unfolded yet to the children of the East. Yet, His Will included all His children. If we ourselves cannot break the Bread of Life to these other children of Christ, we may be instrumental, when we break Bread with Him, in praying for those other hundreds of millions whose souls are famished for the Food and Drink Divine. How are we, beneficiaries of the Will, making use of our portion of the Inheritance Divine?



THE Sacred Heart of Christ had compassion on the multitude, yearned over the fields white for the harvest, broke on the cross for all men. The sacred lips of Christ preached a universal doctrine, announced an all-embracing salvation, expressed a longing that His other sheep might hear His voice, said nothing about age, or clime, or race, or color. "Come to me, all ye that labor, and are burdened, and I will refresh you." (Matthew xi, 28) This surely includes struggling humanity everywhere. Are

THE FIELD AFAR, Maryknoll

our hearts attuned to that of Christ? Do we share this longing to call all men? And what means do we choose to further this common desire of His heart and ours?



PROBABLY the best service that anybody can do to any country is to hold high the standard of its clergy. Because God chose men to be His ministers, and not angels, that standard can sometimes slump low. And when it does, whole populations inevitably slump with it. Meanwhile seminary training is only once in a lifetime and after that comes the deluge of a busy and distracted life with its attendant dangers, among them being the possible loss of the ideal amid spasms of activity and the paralysis of ennui. For as Pius X said in his Exhortation to the Clergy, "Even religious hearts are prone to be soiled by the dust of the world." And yet there is a remedy, simple and guaranteed. Idealism is contagious. The best way to produce apostles is to be one. The saint really saves the country, for everybody else is a little bit better just because he exists. Scatter a few of these around and you have solved the problem of an automatically high standard for their brothers in the priesthood of Christ.

First Mass

ON December 7, 1915, an ordination took place in Maryknoll's makeshift little chapel of those days. A little later the new priest celebrated his First Mass in his parish church of St. Patrick's, Cumberland, Md., at which a priest from Maryknoll preached the First Mass sermon.

It was a case of Walsh for Walsh and, as it has now turned out, General for General. The levite raised to the altar was James Edward Walsh, while the First Mass preacher was James Anthony Walsh.

We have explained often enough to believe everyone under-

The Holy Father's Mission Intention for June, 1938

That Catholic Missions may be multiplied among the Negroes of the United States.

HOW SHALL THEY BELIEVE HIM, OF WHOM THEY HAVE NOT HEARD?

stands that there is no relationship between these two Walshes who have figured so prominently at Maryknoll. James Anthony Walsh, born in Cambridge, Mass., was with Father Price, Founder of Maryknoll. He was the first Superior General, was elevated to the episcopacy in 1933, and died in 1936.

James Edward Walsh, born in Cumberland, Md., was one of the first six students at Maryknoll, went to China with the first mission band, was named Bishop and Vicar Apostolic of Kongmoon in 1927, and was chosen second Superior General after the first Bishop Walsh's death.

Recently we came upon the notes of the sermon preached by James Anthony at the First Mass of James Edward. They belong among the Maryknoll souvenirs. We give them to you below.

*Levavi oculos meos in
montes, unde veniet auxilium
mihi.*

A few short weeks ago in a little chapel that from a commanding height looks out upon the widest expanse of the great Hudson River, an ordination took place which brought another officer into the ranks of the priesthood of Christ, him who today in your presence and for you is about to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

There was nothing magnificent about that ceremony—no great cathedral with its long procession of ecclesiastics and its multitude of the faithful. It was a simple ceremony conducted by a Bishop from the Philippine Islands in presence of a few priests, including your own beloved pastor; a small body of seminarians; a group of religious women; and last but not least, the parents of the *ordinandus* — but there was a

depth of impressiveness about it that made all realize the presence of the Holy Ghost.

And the Holy Ghost was there. In that awful moment when the hands of the Bishop rested on the head of this solitary young aspirant, a silent power passed as did the risen Jesus into the Cenacle chamber; a new priest was added to the militia of Jesus Christ. A son of Cumberland was raised to the eternal priesthood.

A Prayer For Missioners

O Divine Wayfarer,
Whose first shelter was a stable,
Whose first journey was a flight
* * * * * * * * * * for life,

And Who traveling oft hadst not
* * * * * where to lay Thy head?

Be to those who carry Thy message
* * a sure Guide and unfailing rest.

Clothe them in the garment of * * *
charity which is strange to no man,
And teach them the language of * * *
sympathy which is understood by all,
That, whilst strangers in every land,
they may yet be welcomed as * * * * *
citizens of the soul of man and as
brothers of the human heart, * * * * *
for Thy Kingdom's sake. Amen.

Maryknoll's Father Martin was attracted by a framed copy of the above prayer in the Propagation of the Faith Office in St. Louis. Father Mark Carroll, St. Louis Diocesan Director of the S. P. F., readily complied with our request to reprint it in *The Field Afar*. The prayer was procured from England by Monsignor Crane, rector of Holy Name Church, St. Louis. It has the Imprimatur of Cardinal Hayes.

This young man, who went forth from here a few years ago as a lay worshiper in this his parish church, returns now to intercede for you at the altar of his youth. *Introibo ad altare Dei: ad Deum qui laetificat juventutem meam.*

He comes back another *Mary*. His fiat will bring down Jesus Christ from Heaven; his consecrated hands, like hers, will hold the Babe of Bethlehem;

his eyes will rest upon his God laid
in the snow-white manger in this new
Bethlehem—this House of Bread.

He comes back another Christ. The words that his lips will shortly utter—words which break through the clouds and reach Heaven—the mighty words of consecration will not be "This is the body of Christ," but "This is My Body." Christ will use his lips, his tongue, to help perpetuate the unbloody Sacrifice that goes on from the rising of the sun

to the going down thereof.

His lips again will pronounce the saving words of baptism and absolution, and the power of Christ will operate through them. They will open to reveal to others the eternal truth of Jesus, the Christ. His hands will bless; his feet shod with the Gospel of Salvation will carry him about in the footprints of the Master, whose life it is his holy ambition to absorb into his own, that he may be truly another Christ.

To whom will he minister? The priest is chosen from among men to minister to men. For this purpose this young man has been made a priest—not for his own sanctification alone, but for that of others. He cannot use his powers for himself. His path is to be on the heights where many may look to him for help. *Levavi oculos meos super montes.* His life must be a light not to be hid. His words, his sacrifices, must stimulate those who walk on the heights with him, and those who have fallen to the plane below and look to him for

help.
Where will he minister? This priest was ordained for special work. He has offered himself for the apostolate to the Gentiles. He has early in his youthful life declared his willingness to go the whole way for Christ and souls. And God may yet accept his sacrifice.

"Seek ye therefore first the kingdom of God, and his justice, and all these things shall be added unto you."

Kweilin—Market

Father John Romaniello, of New Rochelle, N. Y.



WEILIN, which we call Maryknoll's new field, has been a part of Wuchow Prefecture since 1932, when Bishop Albouy of Nanning turned the section over to us. On February 9 of this year, Rome proclaimed it a separate Mission, and raised it to the dignity of Prefecture.

Father Regan and I were the first Maryknollers assigned to Kweilin in 1932. We began our journey from the city of Wuchow; our objective was Pinglo on the Fu River, 150 miles away. We boarded a motor boat and chugged upstream. The boat was an old tug with a hold for cargo and a deck with bunks for passengers.

The Fu River flows through a mountainous region and has about two hundred rapids. Our departure was in flood season; the river was high, swift, and treacherous. The current was so strong at one rapid that we had to disembark and walk along a narrow mountain path to a point above the thundering cataract, while the boat — full steam ahead — with the aid of

poles and tow ropes navigated the churning waters. In the meantime, at one place along the mountain path we had to cross a deep ravine spanned by two logs. A fellow passenger, a stout gentleman, hesitated and feared to take a chance; finally, at the continued beckoning of his friends, he summed up all his courage, got down on his hands and knees, and crawled across, much to the amusement of the others.

On the evening of the fourth day, as we drew near to Pinglo, we could see the dim lights of the town in the distance; there was a general bustle and preparation for landing. Leaving the boat, we climbed a flight of stone steps leading to the main street. As we walked along in the darkness, I reflected on the fact that this was the first town we entered in the new Mission field; and I envisioned a chapel of Our Lady overlooking the humble mud dwellings clustered on the hillside.

We spent the night in a Chinese inn. Our next destination was the Pantien mission, and to reach it we had to ride in a bus part of the way and then walk along a country road. Early next morning, we got a

bus and bounced over the rough road, happy to be on the way again.

We piled out of the bus at the quiet village of Yung Chin, sheltered by enormous banyan trees, and resumed our journey on foot to Pantien mission. Our walk lay through a pleasant country: the lowlands rich with green rice fields, the gentle slopes verdant with the foliage of peanuts and sweet potatoes, and graceful cone-shaped mountains veiled in purple confronting our view in every direction.

At the mission of Pantien a

French missionary, Father deore, a little man with red eyes and black beard who waved in the spring his sputter of firecrackers welcomed us most heartily. He announced our arrival to the villagers, who hurried from their homes to make our acquaintance and salute us with, "God bless you, Fathers."

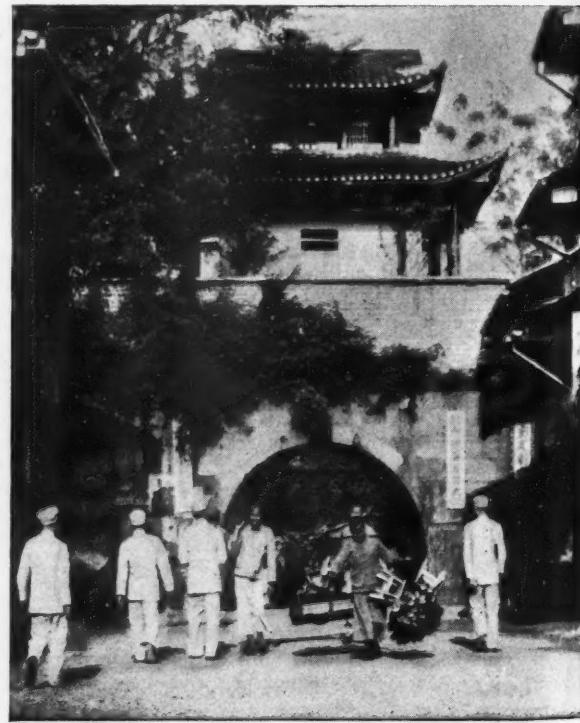
The village of Pantien is beyond the mission, surrounded by groves of bamboo trees. It was here that the first group of Christians were baptized in 1905.

As the Faith grew strong in the hearts of the people, several boys went to the seminary; one was ordained in 1933.

Two girls are now native Sisters, and more are in training at the

Upper left: Looks like an apple country! Fathers Romaniello and Edmund Toomey share the joys of harvest with a young Kweilinite.

Below: One of the beautiful gates of the city of Kweilin.



Maryknoll's New Field

Chell N. Y., tells of pioneer days in the Kweilin Mission

convent at Laipo. We had come to this Christian village to study Mandarin, the language of the Kweilin Mission field.

For recreation in the afternoon we usually went down into the yard. Father Madeore had a lusty steed. We did not dare to ride him; but our confrere got into the saddle like a real cavaliere, and as he dashed off over

is an historical fact that the Queen Regent, Helena, and the young Princess, Ann, were fervent Catholics. Moreover, tradition asserts that there was a Catholic church here.

About a day's walk from Kweilin to the southwest lies the town of Yungfu. Here the French Fathers had a small mission field with a few Christians. Another



Above: Bishop Walsh, Maryknoll's Superior General, accompanied by Brother Francis on a sight-seeing tour of Kweilin City.

three hundred Christians in the whole section and only two mission posts with resident priests. Since then the number of priests has increased from two to eight, and the Christians from three hundred to one thousand. The convent is training native Sisters—at present, twenty-three candidates. The Kweilin section has already given one native son to the priesthood, and there are twelve young aspirants in the preparatory college at Tanchuk.



Above: Maryknollers look out over one of the Kweilin country's superb valleys.

Right: A bizarre mountain formation. Erosion has played some strange tricks in the Kweilin country.

the hill into the open country, we stood aghast at his horsemanship. He was a true disciple of St. Maurice, the patron of the mission, whose picture—showing him mounted on a flying horse—hung in the chapel.

In the fall our kind confrere, Father Madeore, departed for a new mission post in the Nanning Vicariate. From Maryknoll, Fathers Lacroix and Foley came to join us.

We soon learned that Kweilin had a very interesting historical past, both spiritually and politically. It was the city of the Emperors. The last of the Mings lived here for a time, and in 1646 Jesuits also lived in the city. It

day's walk from Yungfu, in the mountainous country, is a village of aborigines, descendants of the Yao tribesmen, who were converted many years ago.

In the fall of 1935, our first new mission was opened in the city of Chuanchow. A shop was rented on Main Street, but it was not until February, 1936, that the first white man, Father Lacroix, took residence there.

When we took over the Kweilin territory there were about



**Maryknoll Fields
in South China**

KAYING

THE MISSION: Vicariate of Kaying, Kwangtung Province, South China, 15,000 square miles in area, three times the size of Connecticut. Population 2,600,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Most Rev. Francis X. Ford, D.D., *Vicar Apostolic*, of Brooklyn, N.Y.; Frs. Quinn and Rhodes, of Calif.; Fr. C. Murphy, of Conn.; Fr. O'Brien, of Ill.; Frs. Bush, Callan, Donaghy, Gallagher and Welch, of Mass.; Frs. Dennis, Hilbert, Madigan, P. Malone, T. Malone, Slattery, Van den Bogaard and Youker, of N.Y.; Frs. F. Donnelly, T. Donovan, Downs, Driscoll, J. McCormick and J. O'Donnell, of Pa.; Fr. O'Day, of R.I.; Fr. Eckstein, of Wis.; and Fr. M. Murphy, of Canada.

Central address: See page 180.

KONGMOON

THE MISSION: Vicariate of Kongmoon, Kwangtung Province, South China, 40,000 square miles in area, the size of Ohio. Population 6,000,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Most Rev. A. J. Paschang, D.D., *Vicar Apostolic*, of Martinsburg, Mo.; Frs. Kennedy, J. Sweeney and James Smith, of Conn.; Fr. Churchill, of Iowa; Fr. Farnen, of Md.; Frs. Cairns, Chatigny, F. Connors, J. Fitzgerald, Lavin, Lima, Paulhus, and J. Toomey, of Mass.; Frs. Mueth and Rauschenbach, of Mo.; Frs. Burke, Feeney, John T. Joyce, North and J. Smith, of N.Y.; Fr. C. Burns and Bro. Lawrence, of Ohio; Frs. Jos. McGinn, O'Melia, Rechsteiner and Bro. Michael, of Pa.; Frs. John McGinn and O'Neill, of R.I.; Fr. Weber, of Wis.; Bro. Anselm, of England; Fr. Bauer, of Germany; Fr. Heemskerk, of Holland; Fr. Tierney, of Ireland; and Bro. Albert, of Switzerland.

Central address: See page 180.

WUCHOW

THE MISSION: Prefecture of Wuchow, Kwangsi Province, South China, 15,000 square miles in area, the size of Mass., Conn., and Delaware. Population 3,000,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. B. F. Meyer, *Prefect Apostolic*, of Davenport, Ia.; Fr. V. Walsh, of Ia.; Fr. Fedders, of Ky.; Bro. Francis, of Md.; Frs. Cunneen, Gilleran, Langley, Mulcahy, of Mass.; Frs. T. Daley, Dempsey, Gilligan, Kupfer, McLoughlin and Schulz, of N.Y.; Fr. Sprinkle, of Ohio; Frs. P. Donnelly and Gillooley, of Pa.; and Fr. Tennien, of Vt.

Central address: See page 180.

KWEILIN

THE MISSION: Prefecture of Kweilin, Kwangsi Province, South China, 15,000 square miles in area, the size of Mass., Conn., and Delaware. Population 2,500,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Fr. P. Toomey, of Conn.; Fr. Glass, of Iowa; Fr. Greene, of Ind.; Frs. Keelan, LaCroix, Regan and E. Toomey, of Mass.; Fr. Romaniello, of N.Y.

Central address: See page 180.

MONTHLY FORUM OF THE

Maryknoll missionaries in Eastern Asia number 157 priests and 13 Auxiliary Brothers, laboring in seven territories, each the equivalent of a small diocese. They are:

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------|
| 1. Vicariate of Kongmoon
2. Vicariate of Kaying
3. Prefecture of Wuchow
4. Prefecture of Kweilin
5. Prefecture of Fushun in Manchukuo.
6. Prefecture of Peng Yang in Korea.
7. Prefecture of Kyoto in Japan. | } all four in
South China. |
|--|-------------------------------|

These seven territories embrace 142,000 square miles and contain



"Confide et Labora"—

"In the death of the Most Rev. Florien Demange, P.F.M.", writes Father William R. Booth, "the Church in Korea was deprived of a great leader, while the people of the Vicariate of Taikyu, which is on the southern tip of the peninsula, lost a most zealous and energetic shepherd..."

"Bishop Demange will be, perhaps, best remembered for his genius as an organizer. Undoubtedly, the greatest happiness of his life and the crown of his great work was the establishment of the Prefecture of Zenshu, staffed entirely by native clergy under the jurisdiction of the Rt. Rev. Stephen Kim, Prefect Apostolic.

"In the presence of all the Ordinaries of Korea, nearly a hundred members of the clergy, the Provincial Governor, and many prominent officials, besides a great outpouring of the faithful, Bishop Demange was buried at the foot of a pine tree in the cemetery garden, which adjoins the episcopal residence. He rests close by the great work he initiated, which will live on as a testimony of his vision and faith, fulfillment of the motto chosen for his episcopal arms, *Confide et Labora.*"

Corpus Christi—

Saiho vies with Catholic countries in its observance of the major feasts of the Church:

"Our annual feature here is the procession and solemnity of Corpus Christi, and our compound presents an ideal setting. From the church the path skirts the eastern side of a pine grove, turns a corner, faces west, and continues along the side of the grove until it arrives at the first outdoor altar. At this point, a sermon on the Blessed Sacrament is given. The procession then passes around the house until it arrives at the side door of the chapel, where a second altar is arranged under the portico. The last stage of the procession passes through the grounds on the south side of the pine grove and so back to the church.

"The Christians come from near and far to manifest their devotion to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. The largest group is from Peng Yang, which also provides a mixed choir of male and female voices, ably assisted by the native aspirants especially trained by the Sisters for the event. Delegations come from Chinnampo, Chuwa, and Soon Chun also."



HAPPY THOSE WHOM GOD CALLS TO

MARYKNOLL MISSIONERS

20,000,000 non-Christian souls. They are twice the size of the New England states and number over three times the population of New England. They include 56,675 Catholics, of whom 7,413 adults are last year's converts.

The center for the South China missions is Maryknoll House, Stanley, Hong Kong, though each field has its central address as given on this page.

The Maryknoll Fathers likewise have a parish in Honolulu, special student work in the Philippines, and two parishes among the Japanese on our Pacific Coast.

The Upward Trend—

Reflections of a Prefect Apostolic upon completion of his visit to Father William Whitlow's cliff dwelling:

"The stairway seems to have been a rather hazy after-thought on the part of some philosopher, who regarded the means as indifferent provided the end be reached. It is evident at a glance that the so-called 'steps' are intended rather for toe-and-finger-holds.

"At one point in the ascent, one's head is facing north-northeast; one's feet south-southwest; while what is left of one negotiates a wicked S curve, with knees and back both bent double, but in radically opposed directions. It takes time and patience, even for those on a pretzel diet.

"Like the *descensus Averni*, the going down is rather easy. It can be made in either of two ways. Way One: in company with an alpenstock and thus negotiating the cliffs. Way Two: by simply letting oneself go. Having well cushioned the lower steps, Father Whitlow generally uses the latter way. It saves time, and it is more direct. A little hard on the feet, but a foreign missioner is supposed to be hard on his feet."

Ordeal by Fire—

Warm feelings for the Sisters were revealed in the light of the conflagration that destroyed their convent at Otsu:

"The display of neighborly sympathy will never be forgotten. The Japanese women worked with tears in their eyes as though it were their own home being destroyed; the men as careless of danger as if their own loved ones were threatened. And when it was over, the continual expressions of kindness

to the Sisters, still held by the mocking embers; and the many sincere offers of shelter, with apologies for its lowliness; and the genuine desire to render any possible aid! What a tonic honest sympathy can be, to those who are grievously tired! Surely besides Baptism of Desire there must be also the Communion-of-Saints by Desire.

"For so is the whole world bound with gold chains about the feet of God."



"Cave Canem"—

Although the Manchus are naturally good linguists, Father Thomas Quirk has discovered them in a few private interpretations of the King's English:

"One sign over a city market reads, 'Extract of Fowl,' advertising, or glorifying, the good old egg. Down the alley, a taxi sign blazons with 'One Dollar Toxic for 2 Perrons.'

"In the oral, it is surprising the number of words that are taken over bodily with the addition of a syllable or two to Orientalize the effect. All motor-car language is in English, and on bus trips one hears, 'stop-u,' 'spark-plug-u,' 'o-kay,' 'tie-ah'; but we think the following is classic:

"Recently, a Fushun missioner tried

LABOR IN HIS DISTANT VINEYARDS.



Maryknoll in Japan Manchukuo and Korea

KYOTO

THE MISSION: Prefecture of Kyoto, Japan, including the city of Kyoto and territory about Lake Biwa. Population 2,000,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. P. J. Byrne, *Prefect Apostolic*, of Washington, D. C.; Fr. Witte, of Ind.; Bro. Clement, of Kan.; Frs. Barry, Briggs, J. Daly, Mackesy, and Morris, of Mass.; Frs. McKillop, W. Murphy, and Whitlow, of N. Y.; Fr. Boesflug, of N. D.; Bro. Thaddeus, of Ohio; and Fr. Felsecker, of Wis.

Central address:

Maryknoll Fathers,
St. Francis Xavier's Church,
Kawara Machi, 3 jo agaru, Kyoto, Japan

FUSHUN

THE MISSION: Prefecture of Fushun, Manchukuo, 37,000 square miles in area, the size of Kentucky. Population 2,500,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Rt. Rev. Msgr. R. A. Lane, *Prefect Apostolic*, of Lawrence, Mass.; Frs. McGurkin and J. J. Walsh, of Conn.; Fr. Kaschmitter, of Idaho (loaned to Apos. Del. Peiping); Fr. Geselbracht, of Ill.; Fr. Hewitt, of Md.; Frs. Comber, Gilbert, Henry, A. Murphy and E. Ryan, of Mass.; Fr. Coffey, of Mich.; Fr. Hohlfeld, of Neb.; Fr. Quirk, of N. H.; Frs. Escalante, Flick, Haggerty, J. O'Donnell, Zienna and Bros. Benedict and Peter, of N. Y.; Frs. Clarence Burns and Rottner, of Ohio; Frs. Mullen and J. Sullivan, of Pa.; Fr. Weis, of Wis.; Fr. Jacques, of Canada; and Fr. J. McCormack, of Ireland.

Central address:

Catholic Mission, Fushun,
Manchukuo

PENG YANG

THE MISSION: Prefecture of Peng Yang, Korea, 20,000 square miles in area, in size, half of Indiana. Population 2,800,000.

THE MISSIONERS:

Rev. W. R. Booth, *Administrator*, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; Fr. L. Sweeney, of Conn.; Fr. Markham, of Ill.; Frs. Chisholm, Connors, Hunt, Peloquin, Plunkett, M. Walsh and Bros. Raymond and William, of Mass.; Frs. Barron and Petipren, of Mich.; Fr. Craig, of Minn.; Fr. Carey and Bro. Joseph, of N. J.; Frs. Borer, Carroll, Cleary, Coxen, Gibbons, S. Hannon, Harding, Nolan, Pardy, J. Ray and White, of N. Y.; Frs. Cappel and Kramar, of Ohio; and Fr. Duffy, of Ireland.

Central address:

Catholic Mission,
P. O. Box 23, Peng Yang,
Korea

viantly to secure frankfurters in a restaurant. After exhausting both himself and his vocabulary, he finally drew a diagram of the elusive canine. The waitresses went into a huddle. Light dawned upon one, who thereupon cried gleefully, "Oh, you mean hot-dog-u!"

Missionary Contract—

The Marieville faculty and students lead the way, and in the hope that others may follow, Father Sylvio R. Gilbert makes public their agreement, signed and forwarded to him last Mission Sunday:

"Desirous to show our love of Jesus and to labor for the coming of His Reign, we, the teachers and pupils of the English class, pledge to live in spirit as missionaries.

"We shall offer to Our Lord, our prayers, lessons, classes, and duties, for the conversion or the progress of souls under the care of Rev. Sylvio R. Gilbert, M.M.

"These souls we shall help by practicing restraint as to delicacies, pleasures, and amusements.

"To be sure to receive the graces of generosity and fidelity, we ask our Father Missioner, to offer us with Jesus at his daily Mass and to bless us each time he raises the ostensorium in Benediction.

"Signed at Marieville, R.I., in the presence of our Sister Directress and of our devoted teachers."



Let it Rain—

Some folks live in mud houses because they cannot afford bricks, while others, like Father Arthur F. Dempsey, find them a great improvement over their former all-air-conditioned habitats:

"When a few of my friends sent me

THE FIELD AFAR, Maryknoll



Central Addresses

for

Maryknoll in South China

For Kaying missioners:

Catholic Mission,
Kaying, Via Swatow, China

For Kongmoon missioners:

Catholic Mission, Kongmoon,
Kwangtung Province, China

For Wuchow missioners:

Catholic Mission, Wuchow,
Kwangsi Province, China

For Kweilin missioners:

Catholic Mission, Kweilin,
Kwangsi Province, China

several hundred dollars recently, I picked up the kitchen table which served as an altar in the open courtyard—and under which ran children, dogs, and other animals, while I celebrated Mass—and moved into a mud house nearby. It thereupon became a chapel, as well as a good advertisement for the Church, for when the Christian villagers assembled for night prayers, their pagan relatives followed to see what they were doing. One such onlooker remarked, 'I never heard of this Church before and I didn't know there was such a God.' He was voicing the thoughts of his fellow pagans and of several million others in China.

"Three more mud chapels in as many villages, and there would be one less missioner worrying about rainy weather."

Stepping Stones—

The missioners of China have a saying, "We make converts with the grace of God, but the Sisters make them Catholics." Hence, great rejoicing at the establishment of the new Society described by Monsignor Meyer:

"The reception of the habit by the first four novices of the Society of the Sisters of Charity of the Sacred Heart, marks one of the most important events in the history of this young Prefecture.

"Provisional permission was given by the Congregation of Propaganda on March 2, of last year, for the establishment of the novitiate. It is hoped that this Society will be of immense help in the rooting of the Faith among our 7,000 converts."

Wings Over Waichow—

A Chinese student coming home to Hingning brings Father Raymond Quinn an assignment to Waichow:

"There seems to be a little more life here than at the Hingning Mission, which is tucked away in the mountains of northern Kwangtung in a region that is probably considered unimportant from either a military or economic point of view. But at Waichow, one of the crossroads of South China, plane fleets pass overhead constantly. We are not greatly disturbed by them, since we have the house-boy's assurance: 'When they circle once, it is just for reconnaissance. Twice means they are going to bomb.'

"One great accommodation, for which we are indebted to the present hostilities, is that our prospective converts are delivered to the door. Refugees blown in by the four winds, with the help of a bomb or two, make of our compound a busy thoroughfare. Any little thing we do to relieve the physical and mental distress of these victims places them in a highly receptive mood for the message we long to impart."

A Close Call—

Another last-minute invitation is extended, and accepted by one of Father Thomas J. Malone's protégés:

"The other day, one of our local officials became ill. He had three wives and was something of an opium addict, but he had been very good to us in many ways, making no objection at the time his son and grandson were baptized.

"As there were no doctors within call, I was asked to take a look at him. He was stopping at a store in town, where he had caught the disease. He seemed to have all the symptoms of cholera. After each of the attacks

which came about every ten minutes, he would fall back on the couch, and draw in deep breaths of opium from pipes prepared by an attendant. I tried to persuade him to discontinue the opium, as it counteracted the effects of the medicine I had given him, but his system was so saturated with the drug that no medicine could cure him.

"I spoke to him about God and suggested that we leave everything in His hands. He murmured assent and said he hoped God would help him.

"When his son came for him a few days later, he had only a short time to live. At first the boy was afraid to let me baptize his father, because all the members of their clan, with the two exceptions mentioned, were pagan and might make trouble. But I baptized him, and about an hour later he breathed his last."



To Be Continued—

The tip-end of a recent Tungchen Tale shines with this bit of optimism:

"Our distinguished schoolmaster called to signify his intention of entering the Church. His wife, a devout pagan, opposed him for a long time, but she has now been won over. If this man is sincere and persevering, we may easily have a widespread movement towards the Faith, as he is a recognized leader."

Not Even Petrified—

The Kochow-ites were *dead wrong*, but it was evidently difficult to convince them of the fact:

"Two coffin-like boxes enclosing statues of Our Lady of Maryknoll and St. Joseph—wood-carved products of Monsignor Lane's Industrial School—just managed to squeeze into China before the boycott of all Manchukuan goods became effective. They have

With Eternal Value

A suggestion for a memorial to perpetuate the memory of a loved one: a student's room in the Maryknoll Seminary, \$500.

been months *en route*. In one town alone, Kochow, they lay several weeks because bus passengers objected to their transportation on the ground that they were corpses! The natives had never seen the like; and interesting were their reactions as the cases were opened, and the statues exposed.

"After a tussle with the white ants, we placed the statues on pedestals prepared for them five years ago when the chapel was renovated."

HONG KONG

Fledgling Fun—

One of the year-old Stanley House babes, Father Dennis J. Slattery, is beginning to talk and to eat, according to custom:

"Everyone here has been fine, and all are making good progress at the language. For the first few weeks we were rather slow, for sounds seemed to wander all over the throat getting up courage to approach the pearly gates, where, being emitted, they often proved to be poor imitations of the teacher's sample. The tongue, in its arena, also had battles to fight. It was corkscrewed this way and that, up and down, forward and backward. It strained and surged against immovable bulwarks; it endeavored to wriggle into the crevices of twenty-odd obstacles, before reaching the desired position. Then truly could it be compared to a Stradivarius, for as the sweet strains died away, the glowing smile of the instructor approved the captured tone.

"Chopsticks are still intriguing, although we have not had to use them very often. We have been told the proper stance and approach, but certain movements of the hands and fingers are difficult to coordinate with the brain impulses. For just when we have that piece of meat cornered, it skids between the sticks, and only by delicate and intricate movements are we able to keep the delectable morsel in our own territory. However, any motion to decorate the inventor of the fork with distinguished honors for services to mankind will receive our hearty vote."



An Isolated Kingdom—

In between strokes, while he fans the glowing sparks of interest in the Church among his flock at Yungfu, Father Francis Keelan makes sallies into the surrounding country:

"Some thirty miles distant, deep in the mountains is a group of a hundred Catholic Yao people, the aborigines of southern China, now driven to seek refuge in districts unwanted for the moment by the invader. Kwangsi has a number of such groups, the largest living in a district near Pingnam, where they are autonomous, having their own government and paying neither taxes nor tribute to that of China. These Catholics are the descendants of several men who were driven from their homes some forty years ago by the king of the Yaos, and befriended by the Catholic missionary nearby, who secured land on which they could settle."

A Happy Alternative—

"We must have someone to instruct the women converts, who are coming into the Church in great numbers," writes Father Joseph W. Regan. "Hence, the establishment of a native Sisterhood for this Mandarin-speaking sector is a work that, despite the difficulties, imposes itself."

"As yet, the Church is almost unknown around Laipo, but the dispensary is making contacts rapidly.

"One school teacher brought in a group of inquirers who said, 'The Government is pressing its campaign against superstitions, and is destroying the old beliefs; but we must worship God in some way.'"

When you finish your rosary go back to the cross with an Our Father, three Hail Marys and the Glory be to the Father. Offer these for Maryknollers and their work.



Left: A month before ordination a group of seminarians completed their good deed writ in stone—a 30 inch, dry, cut stone wall, three feet high and a thousand feet long.

Below: First blessings of the Maryknoll Sisters on the cloister walk in the Motherhouse courtyard.



ITHIN the intimacy of the Maryknoll circle, few events move us to the depths as does ordination. Imagine yourself with a seminary room on C Floor or D Floor. There comes an evening in the loveliness of spring when a score or so of companions in rooms about you receive a visitor. It is Father Winslow, the Seminary Rector, who brings tidings: the word that the Maryknoll Council, acting under the authority of the Holy See, calls each of those visited to the exalted dignity of the priesthood.

See yourself, I say, sitting in one of the rooms nearby. All is silent. Doors have quietly opened and closed, and there has been a light footstep as Father Winslow, his happy task completed, returned to his room. Doors open and close again, and there are excited, almost ecstatic, whispers. A soft knock sounds on your own door.

"Come in," you say; the door opens, and a shining smile appears.

Knoll Notes

Ordinations and a Wall

though below him in class—you have studied with him, prayed with him, walked with him, played with him, talked with him. You have spoken of home with him and have planned for the future with him. You know him. And now he is to be ordained to the priesthood.

Few appreciate the beauty of the priesthood as do priests themselves. For many priests, the crowning consolation of a life in the ministry is to direct a young man to the altar of sacrifice. We recall a priest some years ago who accompanied a boy of his parish to Maryknoll, and followed him closely as he advanced toward the goal. It would be hard to forget his satisfaction as finally, five years later, he arrived at Maryknoll on the eve of the young man's ordination. In the quiet calm of the vigil he penned his thoughts. You may think them a little sentimental, but we give you some of the lines:

I saw thee sixty moons ago.

How art thou strong and stalwart grown!

Oh, I was glad to see thee so,
And to have known.

Thou wast then yet a prophecy;
Now thy fulfillment breaks abroad.



WE CANNOT LOVE CHRIST AND BE INDIFFERENT



Father Cummings, one of several Maryknoll priests who speak in church pulpits about the country on the invitation of friendly pastors.

Oh, I was glad thee so to see,
Chosen of God.

This eventide I dream it o'er,
What thou wast sixty moons ago.
O fledgling, once so weak and poor,
How thou didst grow!

Once again this spring the calls to orders came at the Knoll, and as we write, nineteen are completing their preparations for ordination. Their photographs appear in this month's FIELD AFAR.

Two in the ordination class are feeling mighty pleased these days, not only at their calls, but at the happy termination of the building of a stone wall.

During their early years at Maryknoll, they gazed at the disarray of the old, tumbling wall of

I, a missionary priest or nun!
Why not? Think it over.

uncut fieldstone which lines Maryknoll's property along the Pines Bridge Road. It happens that one, Brother Wolotkiewicz, knows a thing or two about cutting stone and building walls. In company with half-a-dozen fellow seminarians he decided to do something about giving us a respectable looking front.

For three years the group employed their free time, and this May, with the priesthood for two of the group but a month away, they have to their account a completed task—a substantial 30-inch, dry, cut-stone wall, three feet high and a thousand feet long, uniting two pairs of monumental gate posts surmounted with artistic Chi Rho copper lamps. Congratulations to Brother and his stalwart team mates; here is a good deed writ in stone!

When you come up to an edifice, your gaze falls first on the facade, and you judge the edifice to a great degree according to how the facade impresses you. The "façade" of Maryknoll for most who come to know us is one or other of several Maryknoll priests who speak in church pulpits about the country on invita-

Maryknoll novices on an outing up the Concord River.



Father Foto would climb a mountain—or a flagpole—to catch a laugh with his camera.

tion of friendly pastors.

We are very proud of the general good impression these priests make. A gentleman in one of our large cities wrote recently: "If the disposition and ability to help the cause remain with me as long as does the memory of Father X's very excellent presentation, you may count on me for some time. You may feel very gratified in possessing such a zealous priest."



TO SOULS FOR WHOM HE DIED.

The Bounty Page



Dear Maryknoll Friends,

Once again a word of greeting and a "Thank you" for the multitude of kindnesses which you have shown all Maryknollers during the month.

Through our correspondence these days runs the mention of Father Donovan. His sacrifice renews the resolve to sacrifice, of all in the Maryknoll family; his smile keeps many smiling.

A young lady secretary in a New York skyscraper writes: "Though at present I have no definite assurance that my own expenses, which never fail to accumulate, are going to be paid, still I feel in a gambling mood this morning, especially after reading of the sacrifice of Father Donovan. He staked all he had; I think I can offer my little dollar. When I feel the pinch for want of it, there will be satisfaction in imagining myself following from afar one who felt the pinch right up to and through the door of death."

Nicely said, Miss Skyscraper. With your hurly-burly life in the canyons of New York, many think you are hopelessly caught up in pleasure. Some of the thoughts we have gotten from skyscrapers might well have come from monasteries.

Sincerely in Christ,

The Maryknoll Fathers

A Lesson in Willing

A LAWYER wrote recently: "I wonder if your friends know that in many states Masses have no legal precedence in wills. Do they realize that, unless explicitly stated, at least a

year will pass before their Masses are celebrated, since the funds will be tied up for probate?

"To cover all legal technicalities, the wording should be as follows:

"I will, give, bequeath and devise

We give Thee thanks, Almighty God, for all Thy gifts which we have received from Thy bounty.

to my executors the sum of and direct that they shall have (*state number*) Masses said for my soul; this bequest is to take precedence over all other bequests herein made; my executors are authorized to carry out this injunction immediately after my death."

"If your friends wish Maryknoll to handle the Masses the will should read, 'I further direct that my executors shall pay over this sum to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., for the purpose of these Masses.'"

The Month's Prize Letter

"Dear Fathers,

"I am renewing my subscription in memory of Father Donovan.

"They tell me I am dying with cancer. Please ask your lepers to pray for me and with me that the Lord may send a cure for both leprosy and cancer. My heart has always gone out to the lepers, long before I too knew pain and despair.

"But now it is not despair for through all my loneliness I try to keep my lips tender with a smile. I have a Friend who calls me friend and listening in the twilight I hear Him whisper, 'Be brave—it is but one more weary mile.'

"So even though we find no cure, some sunset a sweet shadow will fall, and limned against the evening sky I shall see my Shepherd. So, likewise, must the lepers feel.

"I ask Father Donovan to pray for me and not to let his dear ones, whether in Asia or America, grieve. May he teach us the hidden power of lives like his, that grow strange beauty from an anguished seed."

—E. W.—Colorado

TO RECEIVE IS HUMAN;

As we are wont to explain, Masses should be given to your home parish unless it is already well supplied.

Students Here and Over There

FIVE different friends have remembered us this month with offerings for student aid. Two of the gifts were from New York State, and one each from Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, and Ohio. The support of a student for a year requires \$300, and thus a burse which invested at five per cent will bring this \$300, should amount to \$6,000.

From the state of Idaho, came a legacy of \$500 to complete a native-clergy burse. The education of a seminarian in many parts of the Orient requires a little less than \$100 a year. Hence a burse for overseas may be a fourth the size of one for homeland.

"No Worries for Me!" Says Mrs. M

"I WANT no worries watching the stock market," said an old lady to us recently, with a twinkle in her eye. She was placing a few hundred dollars with us as a Maryknoll annuity. Five persons made such arrangements with us during the past month: two in New York, one each in Vermont, New Jersey, and California.

The minimum annuity is \$100, on which the interest payment is usually five per cent throughout the life of the annuitant. The principal works for Maryknoll and the Maryknoll missions.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I hereby give, devise and bequeath to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., of Maryknoll, New York* (Here insert amount of legacy.)

This legacy to be used by the said Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., for the purposes for which it is incorporated.

*In Massachusetts, use: C.F.M.S. of A., Inc., of Bedford, Mass.
In California, use: C.F.M.S. of A., Inc., of Mountain View, Santa Clara Co., Calif.
In Pennsylvania, use: Maryknoll College, Inc., of Clarks Summit, Pa.

TO GIVE IS DIVINE.

Maryknoll Want Ads

WANTED—\$1,000 for a catechist school in the new Prefecture of Kwei-lin, South China.

WANTED—10 gifts of \$15 per month each to support ten catechists in the Wuchow Prefecture, South China.

WANTED—\$1,500 for land for a mission compound at Linkiang, former mission of Father Gerard Donovan, Fushun Prefecture, Manchukuo.

WANTED—\$1,000 for erection of a chapel at Tanghunchai, Kaying Vicariate, South China.

WANTED—\$100 for equipment of one small mission dispensary, new Prefecture of Kwei-lin, South China.

WANTED—20 gifts of \$200 each to maintain 20 mission schools for one year, Fushun Prefecture, Manchukuo.

WANTED—100 gifts of \$3.00 each per month to support 100 lepers at Maryknoll Leper Asylum, Ngai Moon, Kongmoon Vicariate, South China.

WANTED—\$5,000 for chapel and rectory at Chungin, Kaying Vicariate, South China.

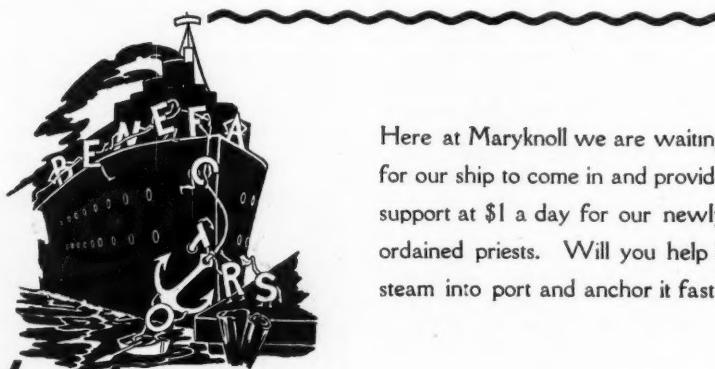
WANTED—\$1,000 for land for a mission compound at Mungkong, Wu-chow Prefecture, South China.

WANTED—2 gifts of \$3,000 each for two city rectories for Kyoto, chief city of Kyoto Prefecture, Japan.

WANTED—15 gifts of \$100 each to support 15 Chinese novices of native community of Sisters, Kongmoon Vicariate, South China.

WANTED—\$5,000 for construction of a chapel, Kyoto Prefecture, Japan.

The Maryknoll Fathers, Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.



The Maryknoll Fathers,
Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

Please send me a Support-A-Missioner dime card, so that I may save ten dimes for a day's support.

Also send cards for friends.

Name

Address

I shall be happy to try to do this each month

Our World of Missions



CHINA'S three million Catholics have been encouraged by the missionaries, by the Bishops, and by the Pope's representative, to sacrifice themselves generously for the suffering and to serve China as true sons of Christ. At Hankow recently, Archbishop Zanin, the Papal Delegate, spoke very tellingly to an immense gathering which included civil and military authorities assembled to pray for the war dead. We quote him in part as follows:

"We have not gathered here for any speculative or argumentative reason that is merely human. We have not come here for any political motive, because we know that politics more frequently divides heads and nations than joins them together. We are not here for commercial or industrial purposes, because these things are merely earthly and material. We have not gathered here for cultural or scientific reasons, because science, unless guided by Divine Wisdom, too frequently is used to destroy rather than elevate and conserve.

"But we are gathered here in the name of the Lord, because we all are brothers—we are the sons of God. We are gathered here in the name of Jesus Christ, who offered Himself for the salvation of the world.

"Only in the bond of charity and fraternity do we meet here today, and that for the good of China. Where charity abides, there shall we find God. Where love is found, there also do we find universal fraternity. In God alone is this found, because 'God is love.' Where God is found, there is love found also, and every good will. Where God is absent, there are found hatred, crime, and desolation.

"The charity of Christ urgeth us; not any other reason or proposition.

Most Rev. Peter Tatsuo Doi on the day of his consecration at Sekiguchi, Tokyo, by Maryknoll's Father Felschecker of Milwaukee.

Our Christian charity flows from the Heart of Christ, its source. And in this charity we desire not only to pray for peace for the dead and prosperity for the living, but even more to labor, to spend and be spent, so that our Chinese brethren, this great people now groaning under much tribulation may be cared for, may have enduring peace, and be brought to eternal salvation."

"No'th Ca'lin" to Father Price—

Father Price of Maryknoll and Father Price of North Carolina are one and the same. Father Price gave the early years of his priesthood to his native North Carolina and to the "No'th Ca'lin folk" whom he loved so dearly. His later years were spent laying the foundations of Maryknoll. He led the first Maryknoll band overseas in 1918 and died in China a year later. He belongs both to North Carolina and to Maryknoll.

And now Bishop McGuinness, new shepherd of North Carolina, who is an old friend of Maryknoll, has had the happy inspiration to provide a monument to Father Price in North Caro-

Our note pages on men and things missionary

lina. At the town of Nazareth Father Price did his principal work, founding the mission and developing several activities as part of his efforts in the apostolate. Bishop McGuinness proposes the erection there of the Father Price Memorial Chapel.

"Maryknoll today," writes the *North Carolina Apostolate*, "has his bodily remains as a memorial from which to draw inspiration and blessings; so will Nazareth have in the tangible reminder of a memorial chapel a source whence to draw inspiration to carry on the good work which he commenced almost forty years ago."

London's Missionary Cardinal—

In Cardinal Hinsley, London and the Church in England have a leader who has had exceptionally extensive contact with the missions. As representative of the Holy See he has visited every country of South and Central Africa, first as special Visitor and then as Apostolic Delegate.

All this has bred conviction in him, and hence we are not surprised to hear him utter these words: "Our home pol-



THERE IS A PLACE FOR EVERY CATHOLIC — LAY AND

icy is Catholic Action, and our foreign policy is Missionary Action. . . Looking beyond the limits of this island I once more urge you to prayer and sacrifice for the far-flung mission field. The conversion of England will be brought nearer by every anxiety and every activity expended upon this truly Catholic apostolate which knows no boundary of race, or country, or tongue. Gratitude for the Faith we have received should call every true Catholic to seek to share this priceless treasure with all men."

Prayer on the Mountain—

Dom John Joliet, a French Benedictine, has just passed away in his hermitage in the mountains of Hopatchang, over 2,000 miles from the China Sea, in Szechwan Province, far into the interior of China. As a young man he was a marine officer, became a monk at Solesmes, and in 1926 journeyed to this distant spot where for a while he lived in community until he asked the special privilege to retire alone as a solitary.

Eastern peoples feel the urge to prayer and are much impressed to find that Christians retire to mountain tops and other distant retreats in dedication to God. Despite the need of personnel for active missionary labors, the Holy See encourages the establishment of houses of prayer in mission lands and the complete consecration to prayer for the non-Christians of the world by those choice souls who are given this special vocation by the Lord.

Missionaries count yearly the new sheep added to the flock, but recognize that their work is supereminently one of *longue haleine*; they understand that generations and centuries are required for complete attainment of the goal. Hence, it is not a matter of vibrantly shouting about crises, of loudly clamoring in the market place. It is rather the slow, steady, sound, solid advance of men of God who bring a timeless message, albeit to be grasped by the individual within the fleeting span of time.

To appreciate in its transcendent beauty this effort of the Church to win all men, we must include in the picture these houses of prayer. We must see



Rt. Rev. Msgr. William Quinn, former National Director of the Propagation of the Faith and loyal friend of Maryknoll, who died on April 23.

the monastery of the Monks of the Great St. Bernard in the mountain pass which leads from China into Tibet. We must vision the Carmelites and Trappistines in mission lands. We must remember such figures as Dom John Joliet, the hermit of Szechwan.

New Route to China—

Work goes forward on still another route from Europe to China. The traveler will leave his vessel at Rangoon, great port in Southern Burma, journey by rail to Myitkyina on the northern

borders of Burma, and then by bus over the new road now under construction which leads to Yunnan, capital of the southwestern Chinese province of the same name.

The route represents a great saving in distance and, despite the as yet primitive conditions along a part of it, will get the voyager from Europe to Hankow in Central China three days sooner than does the present route via Hong Kong. Eventually the route may prove convenient for South China Maryknollers with business in Europe.

THE MARYKNOLL SISTERS



The Little Tin House

By Sister Maria Thyne, of Arlington, Mass., Maryknoll Sister nurse in Manchukuo.



THE little tin house at one side of the Fushun compound is not a garage. It is our missionary dispensary. The cracks in the walls may be stuffed with newspapers to keep out the Manchukuan breezes, but the treatment room contains the essentials: a white wooden table, a medicine cabinet, and two chairs. My native helper, Malia, is not able to read, so we wrap aspirin in red paper and other commonly used drugs in blue, green, or yellow paper. I call for drugs, not by name, but by color.

As I unlock the door in the morning, each waiting patient smiles, bows, and says, "Good morning, Doctor!"—a title bestowed here upon any foreign trained nurse. At first it was strange, but now I am accustomed not only to being called "doctor," but to doing things which only a doctor would dare do at home.

Yesterday morning, despite biting winds and sub-zero weather, I found a waiting list of 33. One young man in great pain was holding his hand in the air. In the mines a coal cart had run over his hand, and a friend had applied tooth powder to stop the hemorrhage. Coal dust, tooth powder, bones, tendons, skin were all ground together. I had to remind myself that the least we could do for him was far better than any treatment he could receive elsewhere. I clipped off two fingers, set the bones in the other three, and prayed, while dressing it, that the hand might be saved. If not, I could try at least to reach the soul of this young man, as he would return daily for treatment.

In the afternoon, Li Chung led myself and Malia to his sick wife. In a mud hut with a dirt floor, we found a paper shrine to a pagan god and a *k'ang* on which lay the sick woman, her

Fifty Maryknoll Sisters in twelve medical centers treat 20,000 yearly. Whether it be Sister Maria "going it alone"; three Sisters—doctor, nurse, and pharmacist—in Shingisha, Korea; a general hospital in Manila; a tuberculosis sanatorium for Japanese in California; or a hospital for the insane in Shanghai, the motive is to save souls.

gums thick and black—typhus very obviously. Black spots indicated that it was too late to save her. She would die on the eighth day, which would be the morrow. While making her as comfortable as I could, I talked to her about God and Heaven. Some one's sacrifices somewhere had won a soul. In a short half hour she asked to be

baptized. Anne she was called, because her little nine-year-old daughter reminded me of Mary.

On our way home from the afternoon rounds of the sick in their homes, a small boy ran to us and asked if a day-old baby possessed a soul. If so, he knew where one was dying. Could we come and save it? We could and did.

Before returning to the little tin house, Malia and I went into the church to pray. Thinking of Anne, I had serious distractions. I did not worry about her: tomorrow she would be in Heaven. But what could I do to bring Li Chung and his child into the Church? And Mary would be such a beautiful name for her.



Sister Mercy,
Maryknoll's
Sister doctor
from Milwau-
kee, Wisc., ex-
amines a Ko-
rean Granny.

THE MARYKNOLL SISTER LEAVES ALL TO WIN SOULS FOR CHRIST. PROVE YOUR

ALTAR BREADS

IMITATING the great Apostle of the Gentiles, our cloistered Sisters are endeavoring to sustain themselves in their REGINA COELI solitude by the labor of their own hands.

For some years the Maryknoll Sisters have made altar breads, and this work has now been taken over by our pioneer contemplatives.

Mailing intervals are at the option of the patron, to churches and convents anywhere within a radius of 300 miles from Maryknoll.

*Address: Maryknoll Cloister,
Maryknoll, New York.*

**Maryknoll Sisters—**

is the popular designation of the Foreign Mission Sisters of St. Dominic, Inc. (legal title). In its origin the community goes back to the early days of Maryknoll. The Holy See gave its final approval in 1920. Mother Mary Joseph is the Mother General, heading the present body of 481 professed Sisters, 54 novices, and 15 postulants. There are 234 Sisters in overseas mission work, 42 are working among Orientals in America, and 82 are engaged by the Maryknoll Fathers in administration work and in domestic work in their seminaries. A recent development in the Sisters' community is a cloistered group.

Central Addresses—

Motherhouse and administration: *Maryknoll, N.Y.*

Pacific Coast: *425 South Boyle Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.*

South China: *Waterloo Road, Kowloon Tong, Hong Kong.*

Shanghai, China: *Mercy Hospital, Pei Chiao, Near Ming Hong.*

Manchukuo: *Tenshudo, Dairen, Manchukuo.*

Korea: *257 Sangsukuri, Tenshudo, Heijo, Korea.*

Japan: *Karasaki, Shiga-ken.*

Philippines: *St. Mary's Hall, Manila.*

Hawaii: *1722 Dole St., Honolulu.*



Top: Sister Mercedes, R.N., of Brooklyn, N.Y., sees Christ in the sick beggar.

Above: Seeking to reach the soul of this Manchu, Sister Lellis, R.N., of Lexington, Ky., makes a professional approach.



Right: A Chinese mother brings her suffering child to Sister Richard, R.N., of Sturgis, Mich., who applies healing balm and hopes later to pour the Saving Water.

LOVE FOR CHRIST BY ASSISTING HER WITH YOUR PRAYERS AND SACRIFICES.



Maryknoll Mission Education Bureau



Wanted—Charter Members

WE are praying now and working now for what we expect will be shortly a new era of apostles in the Church; an epic in its living history which will ring with the footfalls of a new army following Christ. And yet not new. For Catholic Action is no new enterprise; it is a new name for something as old and still as eternally young as the Church—a name for the charity that becomes all things to all men.

We have recently organized our Maryknoll Pioneers, who carry on an apostolate for souls in their own sphere by prayer, by sacrifice, by example, by influence, by a missionary Catholic Action. This apostolate of Maryknoll Pioneers is inspired by zeal for the conversion of the pagan world.

If you, too, as a *missioner-at-home*, desire to engage in an apostolate for pagan souls which will not in any way interfere with your other activities or obligations, we suggest you join our missionary Catholic Action organization of young men and women—the Maryknoll Pioneers. It is still in its first beginnings, not quite a year old; yet its members are overflowing the three-thousand mark already. We invite you to be a charter member. We feel sure that in the years to come a great harvest will be reaped by our Maryknoll Pioneers.

You cannot object that you are poor; the Maryknoll Pioneer has no financial obligations. You cannot object that you have not the time; we ask Maryknoll Pioneers only to "read a little, think a little, pray a little, do a little" for a pagan world. It is only necessary to be an enlightened, resolute, Catholic lay apostle.

Mission Books

Monumenta Nipponica, Vol. I, No. 1.
Tokyo: Sophia University, 1938.

Sophia University is the national Catholic university conducted by the Jesuits in Japan. This new semi-an-

MARYKNOLL MISSION EDUCATION BUREAU

Designed to meet your mission promotion problems.

1. **Literature Section**—offers mission books and pamphlets. Write for our complete price lists.
2. **Press Section**—provides Catholic newspapers and magazines with mission copy and photographs.
3. **Entertainment and Lecture Section**—offers some twenty-five plays, mission movies and stereopticon lectures. Write for catalogue.
4. **School Section**—is at the service of all primary and secondary school teachers. Father Chin heads the Maryknoll Junior Club and our young folks' magazine, *The Maryknoll Junior*. University, college and high school young men and women are enrolled individually as Maryknoll Pioneers.
5. **Reference and Research Service**—will provide you with bibliographies, subject reading references, statistics, photos and general mission information.

nual periodical is a forum in which scholars and students of Japanese culture may meet for an exchange of views. The publication is purely sci-

entific in character, and all contributions will bear reference to Far Eastern problems that pertain to Japan. In addition to studies of original research, there will be translations of valuable sources and texts, especially such as convey typical features of Japanese tradition.

Special attention will be paid to the relations both past and present between the East and the West. The history of the "Christian Century" (1550-1650) will be featured, each number containing an article on that period. Documents hitherto unpublished, from the archives of the different religious orders working in Japan, will also be given place.

—J. H. C.

Blessed Martin de Porres, Saintly American Negro and Patron of Social Justice. By J. C. Kearns, O.P. New York: P. J. Kennedy & Sons. \$1.50.

Blessed Martin, who in his youth had ardently hoped to be sent to the Far East where he might shed his blood for the salvation of souls, was never as-



The Maryknoll Fathers,
Maryknoll P.O., New York.

Dear Fathers,

I desire to enroll as a Maryknoll Pioneer. I shall be happy to receive the Maryknoll Pioneer Bulletin and other mission literature. I understand there is no financial obligation.

Name

Address

.....
University, College, High
School or other Occupation

JUNE — GRADUATION — AND THEN? PERHAPS YOU

signed to the foreign missions. His mission field was destined to be Lima and its environs.

But Blessed Martin's great apostolic heart seemed unable to remain within such restricted limits. Christ found a way of satisfying his tremendous missionary ambitions. He appointed him His unique ambassador, and during his lifetime enabled him to make in a moment voyages to China, Japan, Africa, and the Philippine Islands. Two of these cases are well authenticated, and the others are traditions based on reliable authority. Blessed Martin's visit to Japan occurred during the persecution, when he appeared to the martyrs to encourage them. In Algiers he ministered to captives, cured sick Christians, and encouraged prisoners to remain steadfast in their Faith.

So intense was Blessed Martin's zeal that Christ set aside the barriers of space and time for the extension of his apostolate. Such extraordinary zeal presents apostolic souls, especially those who are not able to fulfill their desire for personal service as missionaries, with a hope that Christ will find for them as He did for Blessed Martin a way—in their cases not so extraordinary perhaps, but nevertheless some way—to save souls in fields afar.

This life of Blessed Martin de Porres is an official publication sponsored by the Blessed Martin Guild. It was written at the request of the Master General of the Dominicans, who is encouraging devotion to Blessed Martin in the hope that in 1939, the third centenary of Blessed Martin's death, his solemn canonization may be attained.

—M. C.

Father Constant Lievens, S.J., the Apostle of Chota-Nagpur. By Lieut.-Colonel Francis J. Bowen. London: Alexander Ouseley, Limited, 94-98 Petty France, S. W. 1.

Father Constant Lievens' sensational apostolate in Chota-Nagpur has won for him the title, "greatest missioner since St. Francis Xavier."

Chota-Nagpur, located about 300 miles west of Calcutta, is inhabited by three aboriginal tribes, speaking different dialects: the Mundas, the Oraons and the Kharrias. When these nomad tribes first settled there, one single chief or rajah was chosen, and a portion of

Lo Pa Hong

"Coolie of St. Joseph"

New Pamphlet by Paul Roberts

5 Cents

the common land was set aside for his use. In time contacts with neighboring Hindu princes changed the rajah, and made him seek to live a more luxurious life. As his wants increased he seized more land, which became known as "Crown lands"; and the aborigines, the original owners, were reduced to the position of tenants. They were ground down by excessive taxation, and often deprived of their land. Such was the situation in Chota-Nagpur when the first Jesuits arrived in 1869. Conversions were slow. Not more than 2,500 had been made when 16 years later Father Constant Lievens arrived.

Father Lievens' favorite maxim was, "Prudence is the mother of idleness." He said it was "better to live and work for a short time than to live for a hundred years and do nothing." Father Lievens threw himself into his work with great zeal. The unjust oppression of the people made him indignant. He believed that if he could regain their rights for them he would win their confidence and in time their souls.

THE more I see of the Chinese, the better I like them. I cannot but feel the deepest and most unspeakable pity when I see a people so industrious and peaceful and amiable, dying by the millions without Catholic faith simply for the want of missioners. May God speed the work, not only of Maryknoll, but of all missionary societies of the world, in sending men and women to this field whose harvest is ripe unto whiteness.

—Father Price.

He studied all the intricacies of the law, adopted St. Ives—the celebrated Flemish priest-lawyer of the 14th century as his special patron, and became an official *mukhtar*, or pleader, at court. He won justice for his people; mass conversions followed. He baptized as many as 1,500 in one day. These conversions were the direct result of a temporal appeal, but they endured the test of time. Chota-Nagpur represents the largest unit of advance by the Church in modern India. Over 300,000 there are now Catholic.

The biography represents still another mission book from the pen of Colonel Bowen, long known to Maryknollers and admired by them for his apostolic zeal.

—M. C.

Maryknoll Films

SCHOOLS and Catholic societies are invited to request our Maryknoll films. The list is short but as time passes we hope to add to it.

The Missioner's Cross—Sound film, 1600 feet, 16 mm.

Fishing for Souls—Sound film, 400 feet, 16 mm.

Teach Ye All Nations—Silent film, 1600 feet, 16 mm.

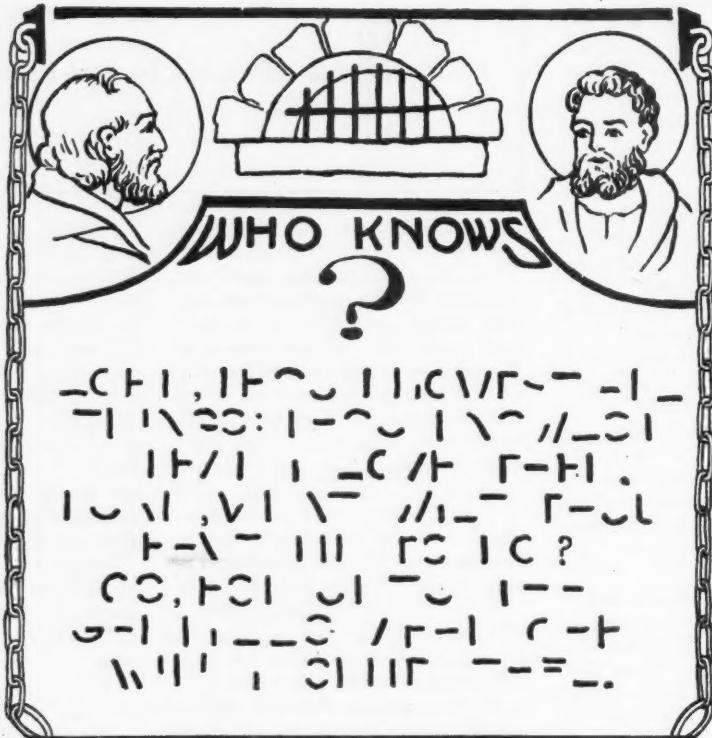
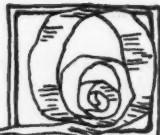
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—New York

Maryknoll Juniors



-C-F-I, I-F-? U I I, C-V-F- - - I -
- I-F-? C-O: I - - - I - - - / - C-I
I-F/I I - C/F F-H I .
I-U-V I V - / / I - F-J-L
F-A - I H I F-S I C ?
C-O, F-C-I U I - - I - -
G-I I I - - C / F-I C - F
W-W I C-I I I F - - = - .

Who are these two missioners, and what have they written? To complete the puzzle, add a line or two to each letter. Send your solution with your name, address, and age to Father Chin before June thirtieth.

Date

Dear Father Chin,

The two missioners in this puzzle are Saint ----- and Saint -----. I have added a line or two to each letter of the puzzle, spelling out what these missioners have written. I would like to share in their apostolate of prayer and sacrifice for souls by becoming a Maryknoll Junior. Please enroll me in your Club.

MY NAME AGE

MY ADDRESS



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ACCOMMODATIONS



The boys sleep in spring beds under army pyramidal tents erected on wooden platforms which are raised above the ground. Meals are served indoors and are prepared under the direction of the Maryknoll Sisters. The camp is supervised by a Maryknoll Father, assisted by a group of seminarians as counsellors. A special Mass is offered daily in the college chapel at 7:30 for the convenience of the campers.



For further information address:

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"Maryknoll," Clark's Summit, Pa.

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Fare to Asia—and equipment.

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await their arrival. Their going depends upon the
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Maryknoll P.O., N. Y.

